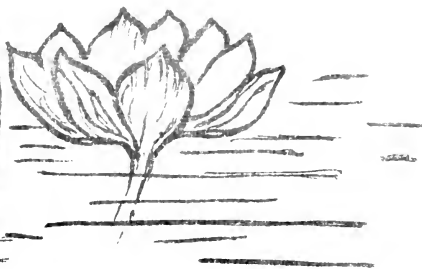




Soul Poems

By M. M. S.



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Dedication

To my friend F. H., the chief source of
my inspiration in writing these
poems do I lovingly
dedicate this little
book

The SOUL'S REALIZATION



By the ceaseless, rolling ocean
In the golden sands I wait
For the coming of the loved
one

Whom my soul has sought
always.

And the breathing of the waves
Foretells a tale of romance rare,
He is coming soon to take me
To a home most gloriously fair.

He already hovers near me
Of his presence I'm aware
And of this all new awareness
I'm aware that I'm aware.

Heart throbs now within my bosom
Tell me tales *of* longed-for love,
That one day my own soul-lover
Shall himself impart above.

On the heights *of* the eternal
Where all souls exalted dwell
I shall meet *and* know my loved-one
And all thoughts of hell dispel.

In that vast supernal dreamland
Where my soul has longed to roam
We shall meet and sing forever
Of the joys that are to come.

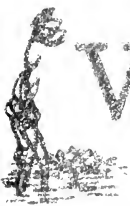
Ages upon ages crumble
All the forms *of* earth to dust
But our joy lives on forever,
Here, it can, it will, it must.

Waves will break upon the seashore
Storms will lash the ocean's crest,
But our lives are far above this
Turmoil, din, *and* dire unrest.

For we're merged in the eternal
We have met to part no more
And our song shall be *of* freedom
Hallelujah! ever more!



My SOUL-LOVER



What is he, who is he, where
is he?
These words run riot in my
brain,
But the one great God eter-
nal
Has planned *and* explained it all.

The soul that is ever aspiring
To the good, the noble *and* pure,
Who is lending to each weaker
brother

The aid that will make him secure
Who in times *of* need or great
peril

Is there to give strength to the
weak.

This is the type of the loved one,
My soul eternally seeks.

His soul clad in these soul-made
garments
Must always most beautiful be
And peace shall attend where his
presence
Is gliding o'er this faithless sea.
His armour is that *of* the Christ
man,
His land is the home of the free,
Oh! that there were thousands more
like him,
Then soon would we all be set free.

He comes like the sunbeam *of*
morning
To gladden the hearts *of* the sad,
He lifts weary^o burdens from
mothers,
Whose life struggle long has been
hard,
And when poverty enters a door-
way,
He's there to brush it aside.
He's always wherever he's needed,
This lover that I idolize.

Do I know him, you ask me, you
wonder?

Have I seen *and* had proof *of* his
deeds?

Does he really exist in the body,
Or can fanciful dreams thus deceive?
Can aught but the Christ wear such
garments?

Can mortal be strong like the Christ?
If so, let us see him *and* know him,
Pray, where does he live, blessed
child?

He lives, yes, he lives, in my^o soul
 realm,
He lives in the body as well.
I've seen him, I know him, I love
 him,
Of his deeds great and many can
 tell,
He's here on this earth, but *of* it,
He moves with the lowly *and* high,
And his love for all nature and
 creature,
Is that *of* the holy Christ man.

His home's on the heights where
the dear ones

Of earth's rarest treasures shall
dwell,

Where love in its purest expression
Shall always the storm clouds dis-
pel.

His work shall be that *of* uplifting,
From plane unto plane shall he
roam,

And I shall ever be with him,
The Universe being our home.

Our hearts beat in tune to each
other,
Our thoughts are as if they were one
Our lives so in harmony mingle
That really it seems that we are one,
Our souls when vibrating together
Produce such harmonious strains,
That angels cry out in glad chorus,
“Great God, see thy work wrought
in men!”

Vibrations that long have been
talked *of*
Are naught when compared with
our love,
For if aught but *of* God we were
coupled
Our love should be scattered abroad,
When the whirlwind of life's cease-
less motion
In our souls through vibration hath
sway,
The force that sustains the emo-
tions,
Would sweep us austerely away.

Oh! this life of the soul is a great
one,

How few, Ah! how few give it
thought.

But when life's fires are kindled
with fuel

Obtained from the great God above,
We feel *and* we know our origin
Was not in the world of the sense,
But from depths upon depths of
His Being

With love we're most forcefully
hurled.

His heart, life and soul mingle
through us,
His love centers in every beat.
Oh! seek it and find it dear loved
ones,
Thy self in thine own counterpart,
For life without love is delusion
As soul without body is part,
And when you've found your soul-
lover.
There's nothing can cause thee to
part.

There are loves upon loves that we
 read of,
We hear of devotion most rare,
But naught is a love but the soul-
 love,
So heed it my soul, and beware.
And when in that haven of dream-
 land
Thy soul seeks expression through
 thee,
Beware lest thou slight the intru-
 sion.
For God in his mercy shall care.

The Great God that governs this
soul life
Has planned *and* prepared each a
mate,
And knows when the thoughts are
unequal
Or knows when the qualities grate,
And when he finds perfect com-
munion
In souls that are near to their fate,
He weds them *and* sends them this
message,
That God is eternally great.

Through this knowledge we mount
up to Heaven
Our pinions are centered on high,
And here in this bright, fairy
dreamland,
If you should look up bye and bye,
You'll see us, this perfect soul-lover,
Whose life blood with mine inter-
blends,
And join in the angelic chorus,
"Great is God, good and noble *and*
grand."



DEAR HEART



Sweet heart, dear heart,
Come nestle close to my
bosom,
Lean heavily thy head on
my breast

And know that entirely devotion
Shall ever attend thee to rest.

When slumber comes not to your
pillow,

When sorrow sits dark on your
brow,

Remember that ever I'll love you,
Yea, all through eternity, I trow.

Your sweetness grows day by day
sweeter,

Your spirit grows ever more dear,
So try blessed one, for your lover
To drive the dark clouds from your
brow.

Forgive me if ever I've grieved
thee,

Make haste to undo all the past,
That might mayhap hold a slight
glimmer
Of negligence fancied or fashioned.

My heart ever beats true to thine
dear,

My soul ever comes to thy call,
Then why any dismal foreboding,
Should enter or threaten to scrawl

A word, thought, or deed that
could hamper

This love so sublime, so serene,
Believe me, I love you, I love you!
O! loved one, love me, *and* that's all.



The SOUL'S CONSOLATION



M

y soul, why weepest thou?
Knowest thou not in God's
glad morning

All will turn to golden hue,
And life will seem all the
brighter

For the sorrows that came to you.

Be patient *and* faithful and striving
Each day to do some greater good,
And all will seem bright in life's
morning,
When day dreams have really
come true.

For coming they are without warn-
ing,
All darkness will flash into light,
And fragrant will seem each flower
That blossomed and grew in the
night.

God's children are each day more
dear, pet,
And each flower more beautiful
grows,
If cultivated first in the darkness,
For then it shall need no repose.

The soul flower that knows naught
but daylight
Could ne'er stand earth's one chilly
blast,
So thank God *and* welcome the
darkness,
That you in this way may be
blessed.

His counsel is here ever ready
To guide *and* protect you from
harm

So go bravely forward and trust it
And strengthen each comrade,
dear one.

Our lives are made up of the ocean
Of infinite waves of the sea,
Of life's ever deepening emotions
Proclaiming for freedom from sin.

But sin is not always commission,
Omission as well plays a part
So pray to be ever delivered
From such in each deed *of* the
heart.

Life's blessings come not from the
pleasures
That we, to ourselves have *and*
hold,
But rather in helping some brother,
To lovingly enter the fold.

Christ's way was not sunshine *and*
roses,
Yet, he in his wisdom did wend
The way to the Eternal City,
That we may point out to a friend.

So weary not dear, in well doing,
Be patient, vivacious and bright,
And some day you'll enter the gate-
way,
Where all is eternally bright.

A VERSE



In the garden of my soul
You shall play dear,
In the strength of my love
you shall shine,
And when all has been
radiantly finished
Your life shall enthralled be in
mine.



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